

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY

Hints on Beauty

You Should Learn Art Of Massage

By Eleanor Ames

SOME of my readers have formed the idea from something that I have written that I am not in favor of massage. I wish to correct the impression. I have given warning regarding massage. I repeat that. There is grave danger of looking worse instead of better if one rubs the face without proper understanding, in the belief she is giving massage.

Scientific massage given with due consideration and understanding of the muscles of the human body is of the greatest value.

The Swedish system of massage seems to be the most successful. And I would advise any girl who is looking for some pleasant and paying profession to investigate the possibilities of massage. If one thinks of becoming a nurse, it is of the greatest value. And if it is not necessary for you to earn your living and you have plenty of time on your hands, it is a very good idea to take a course in scientific massage. The price is not exorbitant, and the work, while exacting, is full of varied interest. There is the chance for instruction at various hospitals and one learns a great deal that is of lasting value.

Massage, in general, may be classified under three heads: Tapotement, which means percussion; effleurage, which is stroking, and petrissage, which is the deep kneading. The percussion is most easily explained to the uninitiated. Also very much can be accomplished by it. It means a brisk slapping with the ends of the fingers. It brings all the blood to the surface and encourages the skin to throw off effete matter and the muscles and nerves to do their duty.

I know one girl who had big hollows in her throat and was subject to frequent colds and at whom the wise ones shook their heads gravely, when she coughed, who brought herself back to health by the percussion massage exercise and cold water.

The stroking massage is most useful where there is a nervous disturbance. It is most soothing for the spine. By the way, the massage for the spine should always follow the downward stroke from the base of the skull to the feet.

From France, the Land of Epicure, comes that wonderful utensil of clay, the casserole.

Until recently all casseroles were imported—and that at a high price—so that the American housekeeper thought of casseroles as a connection with an elaborate silver stand and a dish of bright high glaze; but at least one home manufacturer has put on the market casseroles, ramekins and similar dishes of very high grade, which are at the same time most inexpensive. When I say that a double-handled casserole, large enough for holding a large fowl can be bought for less than a dollar it may surprise some women. Then we have the typical, artistic, one-handled casserole with cover in that dear, quaint, all-time shape, which is better than Aladdin's lamp.

In the first place, as casserole was neither chips nor devils, it is the most sanitary and most easily cleaned material that we can use. Again, it does away with the ugly pot or separate utensil, because food cooked in the casserole can be served in the same dish, thus eliminating the drudgery of dishwashing considerably; and still again, there is no other dish that offers such possibilities in the way of garnishing, and again it saves labor for the hostess at the table, and last, but not least, it is a real beauty.

For the invalid's tray and for children's little ornamental casseroles for jellies, custards, and similar foods have already gained considerable vogue; but the tiny casserole offers still further possibilities to many of us. Even the prosaic baked potato, which is usually left with its brothers in an ugly dish, can be put into a ramekin, have its head sliced off, be trashed with butter, parmesan cheese and chopped parsley, topped with a grating of bread crumbs, and be changed from a prosaic potato to a palatable and attractive dish.

The use of the casserole also permits the cooking of all those much maligned "cheaper cuts," which can never be satisfactorily cooked in any pan of iron, steel or tin.

Jack Rose says a poker cheater arranged a new set of signals with his confederate.

"When you get two pairs lay two fingers on the edge of the table," said the cheater. "Put down five fingers for a full hand."

By and by the victim began to get white-eyed. His best hands were being topped. Finally he detected the signals, and when the confederate placed two fingers on the rim of the table, signaling that he held two pairs, the victim smashed them with a whiskey bottle. Next day the cheater visited the confederate in the hospital.

"But think," said the cheater, "what if you'd held a full house?"—Chicago News.

Improving.
Kitty—Jack told me last night that I was the prettiest girl he'd ever seen.
Ethel—Oh, that's nothing; he said the same thing to me a year ago.
Kitty—I know that, but as one grows older one's taste improves, you know.—Boston Transcript.

The Question.
Reporter (to woman's rights agitators)—And do you honestly believe that a woman should get a man's wages?
Agitator (grimly humorous)—It depends upon whether she's married to him or not.—Sydney Bulletin.

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"BLISSFULLY UNCONSCIOUS"

By Michelson



THERE are times when the rest of the world, except that part of it you are thinking about AND TOUCHING, simply melts away—dissolves like the fabric of a dream. No sounds but the sounds of whispered words penetrate the ecstatic stillness. The tumult of life is silenced. The house having dwindled away nothing that happens in the house can really matter. To ears tuned, like a

of the brain to the end of the spine and finish with a quick sideways stroke at the hips. The deep kneading is of use in quelling lameness. It is excellent for the arms and will give them the rounded outlines they should have for beauty's sake.

Advice to Girls
By ANNIE LAURIE

No girl should accept the attentions of a young man whom she cannot introduce to her mother. If he prefers to meet her on street corners, if he shows unwillingness to meet her parents, he is not the sort of person whom she should know. It doesn't matter what reasons he adduces for his hesitation, for the security of their acquaintance. Nothing makes right such a course, which is absolutely unfair to the girl, and may be most unsafe. A girl is justified in being instantly suspicious if a man friend of hers objects to letting the whole of their world know of their friendship.

A false glamour of romance should not blind young women to the necessity of keeping their relations with the other sex not only innocent but open and above board.

"J. P." writes: "I am in love with a young lady and thought my love was returned. But recently, at a party, I asked her to dance with me and she refused with the excuse that her feet were cold. Do you think she really cares for me?"

It is quite possible. A mere refusal of a dance signifies nothing.

"V. E." writes: "A young man who is very much in love with me becomes angry if I dance with any one but myself, when we go to a party. As we are not engaged, do you think he has the right to object?"

Certainly not. It's bad manners to dance all the evening with one man if others whom you know are present.

"A. C." writes: "The grandmother of a girl I know has asked myself and several girl friends to visit her in the country this summer. She has also asked several young men whom we know. Would it be proper for all of us to go at the same time?"

I should think such a carefully chaperoned house party would be perfectly proper.

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wireless receiver, for certain thought vibrations, no other signals can enter. Under such circumstances a chance visitor need hope for no recognition, providing, of course, the chance visitor keep out of the direct vision of absorbed eyes. Besides, it is bad form to interrupt LOVE. Step softly in its presence. Attend to your own affairs.

"Perfect Enunciation Is Today a Lost Art"
By MME. MARGARET MATZENAUER
Prima Donna, Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

A REVIVAL of the refined and artistic use of the English language, both in singing and speaking, is long past due in America. Perfect enunciation is a lost art in the new world. Very few of our concert and opera singers seem to think about enunciation—they are too busy trying to get some pretty tone effect.

Our country seems mad about "Opera in English," but it is very difficult to understand these things in what is alleged to be grand opera in English. There seems to be a general lack of appreciation of the orthoepic beauty and strength of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. What is the use of opera in English if the people cannot understand the singers? The opera might better be sung in German, French or Italian—the enunciation then would be perfect.

American or English singers will study faithfully every syllable of a song in a foreign language, but when they take up an English song they think the enunciation will take care of itself and the result is anything but artistic. And this in spite of the fact that even in speaking the English language is pronounced very badly.

English is a complex tongue and its mastery is quite difficult, but English is the one language really worth while. It has no sounds that are in themselves more difficult than those of other languages. I am a Viennese and sing in the three great

music tongues—German, French and Italian. I can't remember when I began to speak English, but it seems as though I have always spoken it. Foreign singers who pronounce English as unsingable are either too lazy or too thick-headed to master the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

The singer who has managed to master the Anglo-Saxon tongue may well look with scorn on the artist who confesses ability to sing only in a simple language like Italian. Ability to sing English solos to be understood will be the measure applied to all artists one of these days.

Once it was thought enough to astonish people by vocal agility. Today mere beauty of vocal tone is not enough. The demand now is for tone color with dramatic consistency and perfect speech.

Correct pronunciation is the base of all singing. Every word projects its own atmosphere and that atmosphere must be reproduced in the singer's tone. The old admonition of Shakespeare "speak the action to the word" applies to the singer as fully as to the player. Singing after all is only the perfect union of speech and tone.

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Masculine Is Trend of the New Modes

By MARGARET MASON.

Mere man has seen Dame Fashion From his wardrobe fine points seek—

To placate fickle females Always new styles she must eke; His walking stick she has seized on And evolved those skirts unique That ape his nether garments In a manner very chic; Pockets, Gladstone collars, shirts, She's adopted with much cheek, And now his pique waistcoats— Do you wonder he feels pique?

NEW YORK, March 26.—In spite of the fussy femininity of frills, puffs, and ruffles so prevalent on all the silk and lingerie frocks and even on the suits of moire, taffeta and serge the leaning toward masculine accessories is becoming more and more marked.

No coat suit is complete or smart these days without its swagger white waistcoat of pique or linen with a flaring collar attached. Of course all of the waistcoats are not of washable material, but those that are promise to have the sanction of popularity.

More and more you see the walking stick, slightly longer than its masculine prototype, being taken in girlish and matronly hands. Indeed, at many of the dancings you see some of the most modishly gotten up of the fashionable dancers tripping the light fantastic and tripping literally thus encumbered.

You have long applied the adjective modest and shrinking to the sky violet but the modern violet shade, now affected so universally by the 1914 belle, is as violent and blatant and unshrinking as a guaranteed dye will make it. There is a great run on all the shades from royal purple to tender lavender with the frilly effects of grape, prune, and plum to boot.

While it has not yet quite vanished from the sight is the skirt of the moment is gradually fading into a passé stage. The very latest skirt is the bustled one pulled up shorter behind and thus allowing room to step, which was formerly granted by the skirt. The skirt is raised well above the heels in the rear and afford ample room for walking. Where skirts are still seen the regulation length is twelve inches—just a foot too few feet.

The tiny little summer coats and wraps for wear over the lacey trim of lingerie frocks are almost too adorable to be adequately described in cold words.

They are as limp and slimsy as rags, but they are royal rags, indeed. The most delectable ones are built of gayly dyed and flowered silk crepe and lined with a contrasting shade of chiffon. They are so reversible, and when worn with the chiffon side out the flowered glories of the crepe give place to the peaceably patterned and kimono sleeves and hangs like a little loose sack to the waist line, where it is again finished with a shirred puff.

It is lined in old blue chiffon. Two dolman-like wraps, one of shimmering silver gray, the other of peach bloom, are fashioned from that alluring fabric called peau de peche, which, in common or garden American, means peach skin. Needless to mention, these airy little wrap trifles are worth more than their weight in gold. The chiffon and crepe ones actually weigh not more than a bit of down, while their price ranges from \$20 to \$50. Long and short, the chiffon and flowered crepe, however, and she is a stupid feminine who cannot fashion for herself a Parisian creation that defies detection.

Since it is now a case of "the tango is dead; long live the Maxixe," the erstwhile tango frock has been christened to date by the name of "cling on seven." Translated, this reads, "five to seven," meaning those golden two hours sacred to tea and toes.

Correct pronunciation is the base of all singing. Every word projects its own atmosphere and that atmosphere must be reproduced in the singer's tone. The old admonition of Shakespeare "speak the action to the word" applies to the singer as fully as to the player. Singing after all is only the perfect union of speech and tone.

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Are We Really Independent

By WINIFRED BLACK.

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I KNOW a man Desperate trou- good health, a three fine manly son, a and a great circle he's so worried he can't sleep—all on account of his Three of them— them willing to way he thinks they "Here I am," he other day, "here I as rich as mud, ready to enjoy life, girls are fretting with them? Not a cent that they're crazy. That's all girls, as good as and clever, but bitten with this crobe.

"One of them wants to go East and live in a studio, and teach artistic dancing."

"One of them wants to go to California and live in a studio and paint red-wood forests."

"And one of them says she'll die if she can't go to New York and lead the broader life—whatever that may be. Oh, yes, there's a studio in that, too. You can't seem to do a thing with any of them without a studio."

"I can't see anything different about a studio, can you? Just a room with some rugs on the wall instead of on the floor, and somebody always messing with a chafing dish. Oh, I've been around to some of them. Daughters have been trying to educate me. Here I am, with a great big, magnificent house, built on purpose for them—a special sleeping porch for Madge, a special gymnasium for Catherine, and the finest kennels in the West for Blanche, and her Alreadale fad. Just settling down to a life full of gay young people and some fun in living and every one of them is bound and determined to go somewhere else—anywhere, so long as its far enough away from home, and if there's a studio in it."

"I don't see what's getting into them all. Every girl that comes to our house has taken up art, or music, or settlement work, or something. I sit behind my paper and listen to them talk. It makes me dizzy. As for mother and me—we don't count at all. They try to be tactful, but I can see that they think we're kind of queer, old-fashioned trumps, and not worth listening to when it comes to the real business of life."

"Art, dancing, music—why, they just want to get away from home, that's all. Any excuse goes."

"Well," said I, breaking into the current of my friend's desperate flood of furious talk, "why don't you let them?"

"Let them what?"

"Get away from home," I said. "That's what they seem to want."

The man gazed at me in petrified horror. "You," he gasped, "you—"

"Where's Mary?" (the eldest daughter).

"Why, Mary's married."

"Is she at home with you?"

"Why, no; of course not."

"Where's George?" (the second boy).

"He's out in Australia—you know that—why—"

"Where's Dick?" (the oldest boy).

"You met Dick in Chicago the other day yourself. He's doing fine—getting a good start in architecture."

"When are either of the boys coming home—not for a visit—for good?"

"Coming home for good—the boys—why, there's nothing the matter with either of them. Why should they want to come home and stay?"

"Why should the girls want to come home and stay?" said I to the man who is in trouble. "You let the one who married go without a word. Why haven't the others the same right to their own independence as she, or as the boys?"

The man threw up his hands.

"You're as bad as they are," he groaned.

"What's the matter with all you women; are you all going crazy, or what?"

"Perhaps a few of us are trying desperately to come to our senses—I began, but the man who is in trouble wouldn't stay for another word. He couldn't. It made him too emotional."

I have been thinking about him and his daughters, and his big, fine, empty house, and his lonely, empty heart ever since, and wondering.

The world is full of just such girls as those daughters today. Are they going to make the world over, or will the world make them over into something we do not love to think of?

I keep wondering, and wondering.

Panchard's Selected Recipes
By M. Panchard
Chef of the Hotel Metropole, New York.

Pudding Metternich.
Fill up little puffs with chocolate cream, to which add a piece of butter. Four yolks of eggs, one quart of milk, four leaves of gelatine, one vanilla bean and sugar. Make a cream with this, which you finish when almost cold with whipped cream. Garnish the bottom of a mold with paper, arrange the little puffs, cover with the cream, repeating the operation until all the puffs and cream have been used, then put on ice. When ready to serve, take off the mold, put on dish, sprinkle over some chocolate shavings and arrange nicely cherries soaked in sugar.

Crab Flakes Exquisite.
Requirements—Catsup, chili sauce, two finely minced shallots, tarragon, chervil, two spoonfuls pure of red pepper, one-half pound of butter, four egg yolks, cream, whole white pepper and cayenne.

Put the shallots in a pan, together with some good vinegar, crushed white pepper, the stems of the tarragon and a little chervil, place on the fire till the vinegar evaporates; then add the catsup, chili sauce, and red pepper pure.

Allow to cook until reduced to half of the original volume; then add some of your fish broth and bind with the egg yolk. Finish your sauce with good butter, strain, and serve.

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